Starting a Hog Ranch.

Cattle and sheep ranches have become common in all the Western States and Territories. Recently several horse ranches have been started. We also hear of a goat ranch in Colorado and a goose ranch in Texas. Some enterprising citizens of St. Louis have concluded to start a hog ranch. They have secured a large tract of broken and partially wooded land on the bank ot the Mississippi River, about thirty-five miles south of the city, where they propose to carry on their operations. Much of the land is broken, but a considerable portion of it is adapted to tillage purposes. The tract contains a large number of oak and other nut-bearing trees. It is expected to derive considerable profit from the mast the trees will afford. The land is well supplied with springs and streams of pure water. It is not the intention of the managers of the enterprise to raise any cultivated crops for feed. The ground will be kept in grass and clover. They will rely on corn raised on the Illinois side of the river for food to fatten the hogs. The corn will be taken over in boats belonging to the company. The great American bottoms embrace some of the most productive corn lands in the world. It is proposed to stock the ranch with piggy sows obtained at the St. Louis stock yards. These animals can be bought very cheap and will be valuable for the purpose designated. First-class Berkshire males will be employed for improving the stock. The pigs will have an extensive range, abundant shade and good water. All the conditions will be favorable to a healthy condition of the animals. The location is excellent for obtaining supplies and for marketing the hogs when they are in a condition to slaughter.

This enterprise gives great promise of success. It seems strange that something of the kind had not been started before. Its operations will be watched with interest. It is likely that the managers will be able to obtain many kinds of food at a very low price. They might load scows with garbage at St. Louis, float them down the river and unload them at the hog ranch. Refuse fish and the waste of slaughter-houses could be treated in the same way. In every large city considerable quantities of corn and small grain become damaged in the course of a season by a variety of causes. Some is charred by fire in warehouses, some is damaged by water, and some because heated in elevators. Grain injured in any of these ways may generally be purchased in large quantities at very low rates. Admitting that the land controlled by this company is now in bad condition as regards fertility, it is certain that much of it can soon be made very productive by the judicious use of the manure made by the hogs. By means of hog manure large crops of red clover may be raised, and this will be of great value for feeding hogs during the summer and early fall. In the course of a few years considerable land will become rich enough to produce large crops of corn. There would seem to be many places on the Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers where enterprises of this kind could be started with great promise of success. Boats would be able to reach portions of the country where large quanties of corn and other kinds of hog food are raised, but where the facilities for railway transportation are poor. Boats could take these articles from the places where they are raised to the hog ranch at a small cost. Many farmers occupying rich bottom lands would raise corn on contract, if it was taken off their hands as soon as it was matured.

It is likely that raising hogs on a large scale would pay well in many places where there is not good water communication. Many are now engaged in exclusive cattle and sheep production, but there are comparatively few persons who give their exclusive attention to hog-raising. A farm can be easily and cheaply fitted up for hog-raising. Comparatively few buildings are required, and these may be of the cheapest character. Adornment is wasted in buildings for protecting hogs. Tight roofs and floors are all that is required. The latter may be made of clay, concrete, or a mixture of gas-tar and lime and gravel. Much of the land should be devoted to the production of clover and tender grasses, to be eaten by the hogs during the summer. Rye may often be raised to good advantage for winter pasturage. Much of the land should, of course, be devoted to the production of corn. The raising of corn calls for little expensive machinery, as is the case with the production of small grain. If labor is high the harvesting may be done by the hogs themselves. In some parts of the South it is the custom to turn hogs into corn-fields and to allow them to do the harvesting. The practice appears to be very wasteful, but close observation shows that it is not. Nearly every grain is gathered up and eaten. It is also common there to turn hogs into fields of small grain that have become lodged. Observation shows that in these cases the amount of grain wasted is very small. By the employment of cheap, portable fences the amount of waste may be greatly reduced. No labor is required to harvest artichokes for hogs. In fact, by judicious management much of the labor in the production and harvesting of food for hogs may be reduced.—*Chicago Times.*

Training of Children.

This subject is very generally neglected. Men of thought and enterprise bestow time and inquiry on the body training of their domestic animals and on proper modes of feeding them, but neglect their children as if they were not worth attention, or would grow strong and healthy without the same amount of care and attention they give their cattle. They make no inquiry into the proper way of feeding, exercising and clothing human beings. All this may be the duty of the mother. But she does not appreciate the importance of body-training and the father is more interested in accumulating wealth than in regular body-training of his offspring. He convinces himself that they will be well developed and become robust and healthy without his expending upon them any care or exertion. The father does not seem to be aware that the first requisite to success in life is to have a well developed body, and that a well developed body is the basis of all happiness and usefulness. Men and women break down under the pressure of duties or ambition, simply because their parents did not fit them for domestic duties and business pressure by giving proper form and strength to their functions by a proper course of training. These remarks apply more particularly to girls, who are usually allowed to mature, as did Topsy, without any pains to give that growth and strength to their body, that future domestic duties may demand.

The tendency is to neglect the body and abuse the mind. No subject of general interest is now so great as the proper means of giving growth and strength, activity and endurance to girls—so that women and wives may not be so generally feeble and suffering. The rearing of well grown men and women is as important in the future life as the present. For religious character and religious sentiment depend very much upon physical health and strength. Our gratitude to Heaven depend very much upon our digestive forces. Hard eating and hard drinking unfits the soul for religious, holy thoughts, and suffering and feebleness impairs our gratitude to Heaven. Men tell us just how much food and what kind our animals need, but no principles are involved in feeding human beings. Children are overfed, or underfed, and so are made ill, or well, weak or strong, indolent or active by what they eat and drink. Many infants die from underfeeding, some suffer from repletion and others from starvation. A want of principle in feeding is the basis of the trouble. Infants and children are allowed to eat all they want and not all they need. Our farmers, governed by experience and observation, specify the kind and quantity of food their domestic animals may need to promote certain results they have in view. The great trouble is that our mothers often have no idea of the effects of different kinds of food. They are wholly ignorant of the fact that some kinds of food produce muscles, bones, etc., while others produce body heat and fat. Growth and strength demand a certain per cent. of the one and a different per cent. of the other. As a general rule it may be true, that appetite is a good guide as to quantity. Still some exceptions may exist. Some children no less than some adults, become gluttons and do themselves much harm. Children need more food than the mature, bulk for bulk. They should have enough to build their "harps of a thousand strings" aud then enough to keep them in repair. The food they consume depends upon their needs. They may need sugar, so necessary in supplying the means of moving the animal machinery. They may need fat. Sugary and fatty matters combine with oxygen in the body and thus evolve heat. Those children who are cold, who possess only a poor circulation of blood, need sugar. Other compounds may be converted into heat-food. Starch is changed to sugar in the course of digestion. The liver converts other constituents of food to sugar. Children usually dislike fat, but have a love for sugar. An excess of sugar may compensate for a lack of fat. Suet, boiled in milk, is often useful to feeble children.

Children are very fond of fruit. All vegetal acids are beneficial when taken moderately at regular periods of time. Ripe fruits containing sugar are peculiarly agreeable and useful to all. Now, in these cases we see that children should be fed in harmony with their taste.

The taste of children should always be consulted. They usually need a variety, not in kind, but in flavor. The same kind of food day after day often becomes insipid. They should be left to their appetites as to flavor, but not as to quantity. They should have those kinds for which they have a love. Let it form a part of their regular diet, so that they may be less inclined to consume large quantities. The quantity of food must be regulated by observation and experience. If an infant sucks a large amount and eructates a part surely it is wise to give it less next time.—*C. H. Allen, M. D., in Western Rural.*

Chickens for the Market.

Many farmers have an idea that a chicken must have a large field to roam over to do well, but this is a mistake if it is desired to fat them for the market. If they are to be kept to furnish eggs when old enough, if permitted to run at large they will do quite as well, or perhaps better, than if confined to a small enclosure, because it is not desirable to have a laying hen very fat; but for market a young fowl is rarely if ever too fat.

By confining a flock of chickens to a small enclosure they do not have an opportunity to run off their fat as when permitted to go as far as they please. They soon get accustomed to their small enclosure, and will remain quiet after eating, so what they eat is not wasted by constant exercise. It is true if chickens are to be confined to a small yard they should be faithfully attended to and given all they want or they will not get as fat as when they run at large. They need a great variety of food, given in such quantities as will keep their appetite good. The secret of success in feeding any animal is in giving them just enough to supply their wants, and yet not enough to clog their appetite. While corn may be the principal food, because the cheapest, oats, barley and shorts should be fed freely, the latter in connection with boiled potatoes or other vegetables. A small ration of meat should be given each day, and also some green vegetables, such as cabbage, grass or turnip leaves.

During the last two weeks before killing they should receive about all they will eat of corn and corn meal.

While it is important to know just how to feed to the best advantage, it is quite as important to know how best to prepare the chickens for market, and have them look well. More than half the chickens that are sent to market are sold from one to two cents a pound less because they have been improperly dressed. Many, to save time, dip them into boiling water, and thus greatly injure the looks of the flesh by blistering it. Those who best understand how to dress a chicken manage to get the feathers off in a very short time after the fowl is killed. By so doing they do it much easier than if not done until the fowl begins to cool.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Bonanza Farming.

The story of the Dalrymple farms has been told too often to bear repetition. Mr. Dalrymple cultivates, for several owners, about 27,000 acres, the farm altogether containing 75,000 acres. He conducts his agricultural operations on business methods. Over each 6,000 acres is a superintendent, who has a book-keeper. There is a headquarters building and a storehouse for the employes of the farms. Each 6,000-acre division is made up of three farms of 2,000 acres each, and a foreman is placed in charge of the inclosure and of its complete set of necessary farm buildings. The great business is managed on a wholesale principle. The stores for feeding and clothing the laborers are purchased in large quantities, and sold to the customers at retail. Every advantage is taken of the markets, every favorable or unfavorable turn in the financial world is watched by the intelligent men, who are not diverted from their business of raising the largest possible crops at the smallest possible cost, and selling them for the largest possible price, by the wearying labors of the field that are necessarily imposed upon the smaller farmers. It is estimated that the bonanza farmers make one dollar more profit per acre than the ordinary wheat growers by reason of the advantages derived from their larger transactions in buying and selling, and the greater attention they are enabled to pay to the commercial side of their business. On the Dalrymple farms, it is stated that the cost of raising the wheat and delivering it at the railroad is about thirty-five cents a bushel; that the net profit is never less than forty cents; that the average yield is twenty bushels to the acre, so that the net profit on an acre of land is eight dollars, and and on the 27,000 acres $216,000.

There is no thorough cultivation in the Red River country. In opening the prairie the soil is broken to a depth of three inches, afterwards the sod is "back-set," and, finally, the ground is cross-ploughed. On this scratched surface the wheat is raised year after year. The oldest land of the Dalrymple farms has been cultivated for eight years, and as yet there has been no summer fallowing. Signals of distress must have been flung out, however, for it is expected that a rest must soon be given to the generous but weary soil. The question is: Can a small farmer, working his own land and raising wheat exclusively after the fashion of the country, make a large profit? He must buy everything, it must be recollected, and transport it to his home. Food for his stock and for himself, all his machinery and all his household goods must be paid for at high prices. If he has a three hundred and twenty-acre farm and raises twenty bushels to the acre, and makes the Dalrymple profit, less the one dollar which must be deducted for lack of business capacity or the lack of opportunity to make the most of it, he will make two thousand two hundred and forty dollars a year. But twenty bushels is not the average crop. In 1879, the census year, the wheat crop was, unusually large, and the average product of the whole country was sixteen bushels to the acre. Dakota produced about eleven bushels to the acre in this year, and in 1882 the average yield was fifteen and nine-tenths bushels. Given sixteen bushels to the acre, and the profit, still taking the Dalrymple figures and deducting the one dollar, and the farmer of three hundred and twenty acres will make a profit of about one thousand seven hundred dollars. If he has homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres, and bought the other one hundred and sixty acres at, say, three dollars an acre (four hundred and eighty dollars), his profit will represent a very large interest in his investment. But it must be borne in mind that a very large interest is essential in so precarious a business as the raising of a special crop. A late, wet spring, or a summer without showers, may make the wheat crop almost worthless, and in Dakota there is no other cereal grown to that extent that the farmers can fall back on it in a year that has been disastrous to their wheat. There must certainly come a time when this exclusive growing of wheat must give away to diversified farming. The soil of the Red River Valley is alluvial, and is blackened by the decayed vegetable matter which enters very largely into composition. Of course the fruitfulness of these lands will be exhausted in time, and the enormous wheat fields will be succeeded by smaller enclosures, devoted to a rotation of crops.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

The Rattlesnake Industry.

For many years different persons living in the mountains of Sullivan and Ulster Counties have made very snug sums every year in the sale of rattlesnake oil, which is believed to possess wonderful curative powers by a large proportion of the inhabitants of not only those, but of adjoining counties. Many snakes are killed during the summer season, but the grand gathering of the crop is in the fall, when they have returned to their dens and wintering places. These retreats are well known to the snake hunters, and they choose sunny days in October and November for raiding them. On such days the reptiles crawl out of their dens in the rocks and huddle together by the score, different varieties frequently being found massed together. The snakes are dull and sluggish at that time of the year and come out to bask in the sun. The hunters arm themselves with the old-fashioned flails, and when they come upon a pile of the snakes proceed at once to thresh the life out of them. But few escape. The rattlesnakes are assorted from the other species and carried home, where the oil is tried out as lard is from pork. No treatment of the oil is necessary. It is bottled up and is ready for the market. As high as one dollar an ounce has been paid for it by believers in its value as a liniment for rheumatism and all kindred ills. The snake hunters of the Shawangunk mountains receive many orders from the showmen for live rattlesnakes, for which they receive from fifty cents to two dollars each, according to size and condition; but during the past summer an industry in snakes sprung up which is entirely new and novel and bids fair to become the most profitable of any of the branches of the trade, for it has its foundation in a new fashion in female adornment. This industry is the supplying of rattlesnake skins for ladies' belts. Almost every village in Sullivan and Ulster counties is a summer resort for city people, and hundreds of New York ladies spend the heated term there. One day last summer the wife of a well-known chemist of New York, who was stopping in Sullivan County, attended a picnic, and while walking with another lady in the woods, was confronted by an enormous rattlesnake, which lay directly in front of her in the mountain path. The lady who was with her screamed and ran away, but the chemist's wife picked up a cudgel and killed the snake. She brought it to the picnic ground. It was four feet in length, and had a splendid set of fourteen rattles. The markings of a rattlesnake are very beautiful, but the skin of this one was particularly perfect and brilliant in color. The chemist's wife caused a shudder of horror to run through the assemblage of her fair companions by saying that if she could by any means have the snake's skin prepared she would wear it as a girdle. She consulted her husband, and he consented to experiment with the skin. It was removed from the snake the next day and stretched on a board. The chemist treated it with some preparation of arsenic and sweet oil. The preparation was applied daily, and in a few days the skin was cured with all its freshness, brilliance, and pliability preserved. The rattles and head were left on the skin. The husband took it to New York, where it was fitted with a handsome silver clasp and his wife appeared among the other guests with a girdle that $250 would not induce her to part with. That set the fashion, and there was at once a big demand for rattlesnake skins among the ladies, not only in that particular place, but at scores of other places, for the news of Mrs. ———'s girdle spread rapidly from one resort to another. Dainty damsels, who a week before would have fainted almost at the mention of rattlesnakes, suddenly became deeply interested in the beauty and dimentions of the deadly reptile, and lost no time in having its many hued epidermis encircle their slender waists. Rattlesnakes quickly went up in the market, until it was a very modest mountaineer indeed who hadn't the heart to ask five dollars for a skin with perfect rattles, a sound head, and clear spots.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

The Argentine Republic.

Within the last score of years the Argentine Confederation has taken the front seat among the South American Republics, and of late begins to challenge the respect and confidence of mankind. The States (fourteen in number) composing this Republic were nearly all colonized either from Spain or Portugal a century before Plymouth Rock was heard of. Buenos Ayres is more than four hundred and fifty years older than Philadelphia. But from the planting of the colonies to the end of the Paraguayan war, a few years ago, they were periodically rent and torn, pillaged and plundered by the Gauchos, so that enduring Governments, save by the hard hand of dictators like Rosas, Dr. Francia, Lopez, and outlaws like Quiroga, were impossible. There is hardly a town from the mouth of La Plata to the Andes, and from the Patagonian line to Brazil that has not been many times sacked. All that seems to be now at an end. The influence of Buenos Ayres' civilization stretches from that city to Mendoza, and is felt all over the one million, two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory which the Republic embraces. Its natural advantages bear a very striking resemblance to those of the United States. Its climate is tropical in parts, semi-tropical in other parts, and moderately cool elsewhere. Its rivers are on a scale of grandeur equal to the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio, and about as far back from its sea frontage as our Rocky Mountains are from Atlantic ports, the majestic Andes from its western boundary, an impassable line of military defense in that quarter and a perpetual regulator of temperature in the valleys and pampas. The soil and productions are like ours. Wheat, corn, and all the cereals and most of the temperate zone and tropical fruits grow in some parts of the country. And since 1870 the increase of population, like ours, has been much assisted by immigration from the vital races of Europe. For the six years from 1871 to 1876 this immigration has reached 275,000, and for the six years ended 1882 the estimate is 350,000—a total of 625,000 in twelve years. The population in 1882 was just about equal to that of the thirteen American colonies one century ago. But the resources of the country are immeasurably greater than ours then were. It has 60,000,000 sheep, 14,000,000 cattle, 3,800,000 horses, a capital city of 300,000 people, whose exports are valued at over $55,000,000 a year, with corresponding imports—both rapidly increasing. It has nearly 1,800 miles of railway and 5,000 of telegraph in operation and many new lines in course of construction. It has an admirable system of public schools, supported by taxation. And, though the national debt is comparatively great, the interest absorbing half the revenues, still the receipts, which in 1880 aggregated $18,700,000, were considerably more than the expenditures, interest included. The Argentines have but a standing army of 7,500. Like the United States, they trust the defense of the country to an enrolled militia, which in 1881 numbered 300,000.

Now here is the South American Republic of the future in embryo. With a sensible constitution, a Congress of two Houses like ours, a President salaried at $20,000 a year, Vice-President $10,000, Cabinet Ministers $9,000 each, free schools, free religious worship, every port open to immigration, which is flowing in at the rate of fifty thousand a year, lands at the lowest prices, sufficient in extent for a population of 100,000,000, and resources in cattle, sheep, horses, wool, wheat, corn and fruit on the grandest scale, the Argentine Republic bids fair in time to reach as high a figure among the nations of the earth as the United States touches now; and when that time comes, the great Republic of the North and the great Republic of the South, with an equally great one in the far-off South Seas, ought to exercise together a controlling influence in the politics of the whole world.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

British Mail Bags.

Forty letters were written last year in England for each man, woman, and child therein, thirty in Scotland, sixteen in Ireland, and thirty-six in Great Britain taken as a whole, against twenty-one in the United States, which comes next in the list of nations as a letter writer. But the English post-office was not only not dismayed at the continents of paper and oceans of ink represented by the 1,500,000,000 of letters delivered, but undertook, besides, so much of other varied business as to merit the title of the Governmental ragbag, where all odds and ends were indiscriminately thrown. It not only sent and still sends your letters, your papers, your telegrams, and your money, but will save the latter for you if you are so fortunate as to have any; or will sell you an annuity, if you wish to provide thus against old age, or will invest your money for you in Government bonds. When you wish to do any of these things, the post-office is most pleasant and respectful; it is your servant. But it has, alas another aspect, grim and surly, where it is your master. It is a tax collector without rebate in the past or deduction in the future, and relentlessly mulcts one in certain sums for certain things. For instance, the mild and wholesome "home brew'd," which was wont in the past to wet the whistle of the thirsty pedestrian, can no longer be connected under one's own vine without first paying a yearly license of a dollar or two to the post-office; and the brewer, too, who makes hogsheads where the cottager or publican makes pints, must also contribute.

Man's four-footed friend, be he of high or low degree, is also ignominiously made the subject of license, and the owner of every dog must pay into the post-office a yearly offering of $1.50. But, think you, in case of non-payment your faithful friend is snatched away from you by a barbarian with a net or lasso? No, indeed! Your dog is left and you are the one imprisoned, and in prison you stay till you pay the license and such additional fine as the Magistrate may direct. It is needless to say that English streets are not disfigured by itinerant dog prisons, filled with suffering animals, which, of all the four-footed beings, deserve at the hand of man the most gentleness and consideration. I will say this for English law, that in this arresting the master, who is responsible, and ignoring the dog, who is blameless, it is more just and civilized than ours.

The post-office yearly demands of you $3.50 for each male servant in your employ and $10 for each carriage you may be so fortunate as to own, and should you be so unhappy as to belong to an "effete aristocracy" and have a coat of arms, you may pay $10 more and paint your crest on the panels of your coach. It is not necessary, though, to be lawfully entitled to a coat armor in order to emblazon it on your equipage. Pay the tax and no questions are asked. And this reminds me of a story, for the truth of which I can vouch.

A certain Bristol doctor, having arrived at the dignity of a brougham, ordered such an equipage at the shop of a local manufacturer. When it was near completion, says the maker: "Well, doctor, shall we put your arms on the carriage?" "O, to be sure," was the answer. "Then send us a sketch of what they are," returned the maker, "and we will put them on." "Ah! but their selection I would prefer to leave entirely to you," said Æsculap. The maker, concealing his astonishment and amusement, politely requested his customer's attention to a heraldic book in his office, asking him to select for himself. The doctor's eye was so struck with the different plates that he demanded that each should be reproduced on his brougham. The heraldic painter of the establishment subsequently flatly refused to prostitute his art by painting two coats of arms on one carriage, and combined the two escutcheons into one, so that the happy doctor now lolls in his carriage in blissful knowledge that the admiring world can see upon his carriage door the arms of the Ducal House of Beaufort quartered upon those of the ancient Berkeley family.

Fire arms as well as coats of arms must pay their tribute to the post-office, and every shot-gun in the kingdom represents two dollars and fifty cents a year to the Government, and not only must the hunter pay for his gun, but also for his game and his gamekeeper, for each of which he must take out a yearly license.

The post-office did not arrive at its present efficiency at a bound. It sprang not "full armed" from the brain of genius, but attained its splendid development through generations of slow progress. Letters originally were sent by private messengers, afterward by "common carriers," who began about the year 1500 to traverse the country with their pack horses. Sometime before this, however, traveling "by post," that is, with relays of horses, came into being, and sometimes letters were thus sent, as is proved by the writing, "Haste, post, haste," found on the backs of letters written about the sixteenth century. "Post haste" we now use as a synonym for great rapidity, but it may well be questioned if we should be satisfied in this age of steam and electricity with the speed of the post when the expression originated, which was about three miles an hour.—*Bristol (Eng.) Cor. National Republican.*

—Charles Green, of West Virginia, supposed he loved Ella Foster, and, as the parents objected, he got two friends to steal her out of the house one night, and secure a preacher. When everything was ready, Charles remarked that he guessed he wouldn't marry for a month or so. Then the two friends, disgusted with Charles, covered him with their revolvers. The marriage took place.—*St. Louis Post.*

—The Indians in Nevada on first seeing the first transcontinental telegraph line called this wonder by the queer name of "We-ente-mo-ke-te-pope," which means "wire-rope express."—*Chicago Times.*

—Barbed wire fencing has fallen ten per cent. in price within the last three months. Cows have got so they use it for a hair brush.—*Detroit Post.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Sharon, it is said, pays one per cent. of all the taxes collected in San Francisco.

—Sam Bo, the son of a wealthy Chinaman of San Francisco, has disowned the boy who, as student of the Chicago university, has become a Christain.—*Chicago News.*

—A remarkable instance occurs in the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Weeks of Portland, Me. Her birth, marriage and death occurred alike on the 21st day of the month.—*Boston Post.*

—General Washington and General Sherman, by a curious historical coincidence, issued their farewell orders to the army on the same day a century apart—November 1, 1783-1883.

—Mitchell Putnam, one hundred and three years of age, traveled alone from Texas to South Carolina to see his former home. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and in the Texan struggle.

—Warren County, Georgia, boasts of a resident who participated in seventeen battles for the lost cause, was wounded several times, has been struck by lightning three times, lay insensible from one shock three days, is now not more than forty years of age, and is as healthy as any man, and weighs over two hundred pounds.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Washington correspondent writes that in one of the departments at Washington a needy female descendant of George Washington's relatives was appointed not long ago. In the War Department is a grandniece of Kosciusko. In the Interior Department is employed a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. Her little salary supports her aged and invalid mother, who is the last surviving grandchild of Jefferson.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Rev. Dr. E. L. Magoon, of Philadelphia, who has already distinguished himself by his gifts of works of art to various institutions, recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday by giving to the Women's School of Design in Philadelphia twenty-two choice copies of old masters, especially imported by himself. They comprise copies of works by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Leonarda da Vinci, Raffael, Correggio, Titian and Andrea del Sarto.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Samuel Budd Riley, believed to be the last descendant left in New Jersey of the ancient Delaware Indians, who once occupied the State, died at Hamilton Square, a small village near Trenton, recently. He was seventy-one years of age, and was nearly a pure-blooded Indian. He was born and raised near Crookstown. Many years ago most of the descendants of the Delawares removed to a reservation in New York, and the race is now practically extinct.—*Newark Register.*

—Rev. Dr. J. W. Scott, of Washington, D. C., recently visited his daughter, Mrs. General Harrison, at Indianapolis, and stopped for a few days in Ohio. For forty years Dr. Scott was prominently identified with educational institutions in the West, and no living man has a more loving constituency than he has, scattered broadcast over the land. He was a Professor in Miami University, one of the Founders of Farmers' College, and the organizer of two successful female seminaries, and in every place was loved and honored. He is now in his eighty-fourth year, as full of life and energy as many men of fifty, and takes a full interest in all questions to make the world wiser and better and happier.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"You'll have to take the will for the deed," is what the heir said to the lawyer when the latter presented his bill.

—After December the yard-stick will be used no longer in measuring goods. Thirty-six inches is thought to be long enough.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A sick friend writes to us to ascertain the shortest road to health. There are two paths—allopaths and homœopaths; you take your choice and pay your money.—*Boston Courier.*

—A Yankee has invented a new process for lasting boots and shoes. If he can last a ten-year-old boy's shoes so that they will last two weeks without requiring half-soling, he should open a branch office in this town.—*Norristown Herald.*

—It is said that a baby can wear out a one dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours. This is pretty fast work, but a Brooklyn baby can do much better. It can wear out the patience of an average man in about seven minutes.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"Never mind, my young kid, I'm going up to see your mother about this." "That's all right," yelled back the small boy; you just go right along up there. Pa filled a man full of buckshot the other day for going to see my ma."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A course of lectures on the archnarchetype, the entomarchetype, the onithmarchetype, and so forth, opens in Boston this week. Persons are requested to purchase their tickets in advance and avoid the rush at the door.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

—A Chicago young man in a rash moment, says an exchange, told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking on Hallow E'en he would fill it to the brim with something nice. When he saw her stocking he was undecided whether to get into it himself or buy her a sewing machine.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A Georgia farmer bought a grand piano for his daughter. His house is small, and, to economize room, the lower part of the partition between the kitchen and the parlor was cut out, and the long end of the piano stuck through. Priscilla now sits at the keyboard, singing, "Who will care for mother now?" and the mother rolls out doughnuts on the other end of the piano in the kitchen.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"Oh, yes," said the eldest Miss Culture at table d'hote, the other evening, "I breakfasted yesterday with Mrs. Brainwait and we enjoyed a delicious repast—excellent coffee, superior bread, and piscatorial globes done admirably." "What?" asked her friend. "Piscatorial globes," repeated the Boston miss. "And what under the sun are they?" "I believe," said Miss Culture, drawing hesself up stiffly, "I believe uncultured people call them fish balls."—*Hotel Mail.*